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LETTERS



by EDWARD S.
PETERSON



— and thou,
the reigning Queen,
And Heart of Love,
and Red of Lip,
and Majesty, serene.

— Edward S. Peterson.



GOD'S LOVE LETTERS

by

EDWARD S. PETERSON

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By - 1901
White Plains,

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TO
E. M. C.



THE NORTH DAKOTA GIRL



THE NORTH DAKOTA GIRL.

She's a sugar bowl of subtle sweets;
A storehouse of common sense;
A smiling depot, where firmness meets
With rainbow sentiments.

She's a radiant, witching, wondrous gem;
A beautiful blushing rose;
She's an angel on this earth, pro tem,
Till her heav'nly trumpet blows.



THE PRAIRIE POET



THE PRAIRIE POET.

He would sing
A song of the prairie,
Of odorous roses
Whose gold heart's bewitching
Are mined by the bees.
Of meadow lark's flying
To heavenly azure
And lilting with beauty
And glad ectasys.
Of musical breezes
A-wafting sweet perfume
And sleeping at twilight
In buttercup dells.
The grace and the beauty:
The sky-shine and glory:
The sweet prayerful whisp'rings
Of modest blue-bells.
Of these he would sing
Where a city soul dwells.

He would sing
Of cloud-ships so brilliant
That float in the ether
And cast gentle shadows
Upon the fair earth.
Of nests 'mid the wild-blooms
A-cradling sweet songsters
That burst to the world
In a miracle birth.
Of butterflies dreaming
In white morning-glorys
Of laving in honey
In cells of delight.
Of sunsets of wonder:
Of colors entrancing
That fade and bewilder
In rare riots bright.
Of these he would sing
In the city waif's night.

DANDELIONS



DANDELIONS.

Myriad, tiny, golden suns,
Lighting the vast dark fields of green:
Like shining, blazing gems are seen
These yellow, curly, bolden ones.

Insect miner's dreaming of gold,
Enthrall'ed, sound each dazzling bloom,
Until they meet a fever doom,
All, for the sake of wealth untold.

Their life is but a fleeting show,
Transient, in Splendor's witching day,
Then are gold curls, moon-kissed to gray,
And June, seems gemmed with tasseled snow.



FOR-GET-ME-NOTS



FOR-GET-ME-NOTS.

The wind blows sweet from the meadows bright with bloom
And I'm happy in the glory of the day,
Until I wander by a lone poet's tomb,
Then I'm soon depressed by soul despair and gloom,
For a bruised lily lies upon the clay.

* * * *

So tenderly I raise the blossom sorely tried
And lo! For-get-me-nots, bloom on the other side.



WILD-WOOD-WEAVINGS



WILD-WOOD-WEAVINGS.

Sweet scent of lilacs, wafted by the soft,
Caressing breeze of rare mid-May, steals o'er
A vagrant dreamer as he idly strays
Along the tree plumed streets of Rosalet.
Wild violets peep above a leaf on leaf
Murk stretch of green, immuring walks of man.
The plum-trees, clouded with bright bloom, afar,
Cause him to gaze into the shifting sky,
Where lily-cups were carried by the breeze,
Lashed out of shape by reckless azure gales,
Then left to drift and waver towards the earth.

An immolater, moon-toned, white winged moth,
Flew from a dandelion into clasp
Of unseen, cruel arms of that, that was
Immehed in then, impromptu curly hair.
And lo!—flash intuition thrilled his soul
As from a thorn he raised the bruis'ed moth,
Ghostly and wan,—and found the dazzling bloom
Now white with shriveled mates of fruitless Fate.

Deep in the woods he wandered where the trees
Rose in their rich and bursting blooms and leaves,
Forming, quick-changing canopies o'erhead.
Where honeysuckles droop for sweet sensed bees,
And apple-blossom brides unveil their hearts
Of dainty gold, for butterflies of light,—
That lave in sunbeams for bewitcheries.

He lays him down beneath an apple-tree,
He hears the birds melodious litanies,
And then he sleeps, and smiles, and sweetly dreams.

He wakes to hear a roaring, rushing wind,
And see tree arabesques take sudden life:
Then hears the gray cloud-ships of war shoot forth
Their changing silver shot to struggle through
The interlacing, net-work of the boughs,
And cause weed leaves to curl as films of death.
Then silence brief: then bugles of the wind
Are blown again, and dazzling volley falls.
The while from top most bough to top most bough
A songless bird to swiftly greets gray skies,
And a lark mother calms her brood by song.

The river postules by the falling rain
That seem like hills of light, on a dark, small
And sluggish stream, that needs great heavens aid.

A sudden light bursts from a cloud-rift and
Deepens the shadows 'neath the low-hung boughs.

Wood violets tip-toe towards the sky's bright blue,
Seeming to hear the glad sweet songs of fair
Red-breasted robins on a stately oak:
And for the birds and blooms, and for the human soul,
In the dark heavens, God wrote his rainbow-love.

In silent search for violets dark blue,
He ventured down the river bank, and lo!
When least expected, shone, a truant bloom,
Alone,—and yet, not far away, a shell
Of like murk hue, lay buried half in clay
And seemed to glow upon this flower fair,
And listening, his soul of music heard
The witching wonder-words of Love's sweet song
Of hidden beauties of the Is-To-Be.
And voiced these lines while under music's sway
From songless soul of subtle sympathy.

Baptisms of love have ceased from above
And all the leaves droop towards the ground,
But raindrops on trees are swayed by the breeze
And tree-showers suddenly sound.
Sunbeams low, in their glow
Create a wee bow
On rain, leaf impearled, blossom-crowned.

From the trees abloom, the bold bright bees boom
O'er beds of the violets white,
That gaze at sky blue, till they turn that hue—
Till sun-kissed and changed to bright
Rich yellow, and mellow:—
Then bird ritornello
Is a new and a sweet delight.

On the river bank that is green and dank,
And gemmed with dandelion gold:
Brown cows and calves stray in their vagrant way
And feast of the wealth untold.
And the gleam of the stream,
And a butterfly dream,
Are as bright as the blooming wold.

O, up and away, in the dawn of day
And be Bohemias' child:
Hear the waters sing: see the glad birds wing
Their way thro woods undefiled,
And soon know, God 's below
Tho the love ways you go
Are witching and weird and wild.

SWEET PEAS



SWEET PEAS.

When the great white moon with wondrous splendor
Like a fairy silvers a lone far lake;
And the Dipper tips the dews to render
To the dreaming earth for the flowers sake;
And the Milky Way winds down to glory
Of blossoming stars in the subtle air,—
Then I long for you and the old, old story,
With the sweet, sweet peas, over there, over there,
 With the sweet, sweet peas, over there.

When clouds are murk in the sky above me
And the rainbows shine in the blossomed past,
'Tis then that I long for you who love me,
For the light of love that will ever last,
For the blissful dream and all the glory
Of the sky above, and the earth so fair,
And telling again the old, old story,
With the sweet, sweet peas, over there, over there,
 With the sweet, sweet peas, over there.



AS LILIES



AS LILIES.

Who gazes at myriad soul-husk tombs
That glow in mockery of the Is-To-Be,
With fainting heart and dread of mystery,—
They are as felons, cow'ring in the glooms,
Fearing God's Court to lift their drooping plumes
And sight the bait-playthings of victory
Of Hades host. But they who gaze and see
With hopeful hearts the graves bright beauty blooms,
(Emblems of life above this body-ground)
With Hope and Faith to dull the sting of Death,—
They are as lilies, blooming in the light,
That, when unrolled by studious souls profound
To know their worth, is learned of folds' pure breath
By dew ablutions from the heav'nly height.



THE TRUANT ROSE



THE TRUANT ROSE.

O wand'ring autumn winds,
 myriad-voiced with wantoness,
Canst tell me where my rose has gone,—
 into what wilderness

Where never man with passion traced
 the wild beasts of the woods,—
Into what flaming depths of leaves:
 into what solitudes?

Canst tell me whisp'ring winds that sway
 wild sun-blooms by the brook,
Where my rose is,—my rose of love,—
 near what cool tree-tressed nook;
Near what dim cricket pathways, murk,
 leaf-bruised and perfume faint,
Will its sweet soul rise from its folds
 as from a dying saint?

O great white stars shedding thy light
on regions dim to man,
Hast gleam of thine e'er kissed a rose
glowing in tomb-like span
Of ground-grave leaves that sapless lie
in curlings of repose?—
O guiding stars, be azure lakes,
reflect, my truant rose!

O rose, sweet rose, wilt thou come back
some witching day of spring
In all the glorious glow of life
that made God's songsters sing
As if all heaven were in thee,
and thou, the reigning Queen
And Heart of Love, and Red of Life,
and Majesty, serene?

Ah, what is this, a fragrance sweet
that thralls my very sense?
Is it, O cooling carrier winds,
ashes of recompense,
For waiting, watching, searching for
an ideal rich red rose?
It is! It is! My glad heart sings
the Roses' song it knows,
And I cross the Bridge of the Future
to where my rose-soul glows.



DAISIES



DAISIES.

A-wheeling down the highway where the dainty daisies shine
With a sun-bloom lover bending o'er each with golden mine,—
I see a brilliant insect that is dizzy with perfume
A-flutt'ring near the gate-way of the sweet-heart of each bloom—
And gazing at each blossom with a Poet's tender eye,
I cannot help but wonder if I'll see them by and by,
Transformed into the glory of the flowers of the sod
That form the witching beauty of the gardens of our God.



ASTERS



ASTERS.

Side streets of the city are tasseled with flowers
Of myriad stars, wee and gold,—
That glow and sway in the closing hours
Of summer rich in meteor showers
And the gleam of the wheat on the wold.

There are streamers of silver that dance in the sky
Of the North near the Dipper great.
Near a sweet, sweet pea, there's a butterfly
As white as snow flakes that on mountains lie
Or thy soul with a lily as mate.

There are flowers with circles of colors as rare
As those of His bow in the sky,—
The Charity circle,—God placed it there,
Round it the circle of Hope and the fair
White-City dream or Faith's By and By.



MORNING-GLORY



MORNING-GLORY.

The silver morning-glory,
Filled to the brim with dew,
Dreamt of the witching story
A robin sang to you
When tall sun-flowers, golden,
Turned toward a glad sunrise
For faithful pathways, olden,
Leading, to Paradise.

And O, the joy of waking
Beneath your laughing eyes
When the bright day is breaking
In God's unclouded skies.
My day is brief for glory,
But yours, O happy one,
A sweet continued story
From golden sun, to sun.



WHERE GOLDEN-RODS
ARE GLOWING



WHERE GOLDEN-RODS ARE GLOWING.

Where golden-rods are glowing
And a-tasseling the streets,
And shining in the by-ways of the town,—
We also find a-blowing
Many white-sailed golden fleets
Of daisies, and some dandelion down.

Where golden-rods are glowing,—
Each a dazzling magic wand
A-swaying all who worship Nature's gifts,—
We also find a-blowing
Kingly sun-blooms that are fond
Of watching where their heav'nly namesake drifts.

Where golden-rods are glowing
In a dewey, starry night,
As sunbeams that have come to earth to stay,—
We also find a-blowing
Starry asters, pink and white,—
Then dream of God's sweet lessons till the day.



LOVE AMONG THE FLOWERS



LOVE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Sweet William courted my lovely Rose,
For he, wore a Batchelor's Button;
And a beautiful girl most always knows
When, "Girl Wanted", is on that button,
And she knows what's best for a loving man,
So they wandered near fragrant bowers,
For Cupid best holds you under his ban,
 With love among the flowers.

He gives her the best of Candytuft,—
The Balsom for inner delight
Is wonderful, sweet little Candytuft,
When he studies her Palm at night.
Soon Myrtle kisses her glowing face
While Golden-rods from a Mint showers,
And a Hawthorne around Sweet William plays,
 For there's love betwixt the flowers.

Then Roses' cousin, fair Lily, white
And pure as an archangels robe,
Brought radiance to the coming night
With her beauty like angels robe.
And she slowly whispered, "For-get-me-not,
If you want golden hours".
And soon there reigned on that beautiful spot
Sweet Peas among the flowers.

"O go and ask Poppy", then she said.
He said, "Dear parent-true Rosy."
Then he turned and straight to her home he sped
To ask for his sweetheart Rosy.
The Blue-Bells seemed ringing all the bright way
For his coming blissful hours,
While Dahlias caroled and gossiped of May
And love betwixt two flowers.

O, the gold-hearted milk-white Daisy
Nodded each a loving "Good-night",
And dewey kisses were sent by the stars
To thrill them to dreams of delight.
But soon did the Larkspur up sleepy heads,
For the Morning-Glory hours;
And Honeysuckles soon after were spread,
For these loving, these rich living flowers.

This morn the Adonis of this tale
Aster to be his Century wife,
She said, "Begonia, why there is Kale
Who'd die, than see me as your wife."
"O, Carnations", he wildly shouted out,
For many a dark cloud lowers,
And many a Violet round about
Shed tears among the flowers.

Returning soon after he voiced a bid
For beauteous blushing Rosy,
He said with a Smil'ax Poppy I did,
O ever my own sweet Rosy.
With complexion never made by hand
You will brighten all my hours",
And then, O her dear slender waist was spanned
For Hugelias by two flowers.

HE WHO IS MOST REMOTE



HE WHO IS MOST REMOTE.

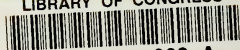
“My brethern, I counsel you not to love
your neighbor, I counsel you to love those who
are the most remote.” From “*Thus Spake Zarathus-
tra.*” by *Friedrich Neitzsches*.

When sunblooms turn from kindly neighb'ring kin
To faithfully follow the far 'way sun:
When roses lean o'er wayside rails for one
Weary and wan amid the city's din,
And morning-glorys climb to enter in
A window near a soul whose life was spun
Of sorrows silver threads,—while rivers run
Laughingly by, the deep sea's heart to win:
Aye, when fair flowers glow for souls unseen,
Leaving immuring fellowships alone
To tip-toe skywards when they hear pain-notes;
Then why not thou, O soul, on pathways green
Or white with snow, love, follow and make known
To pagan hearts, He who is most remote.



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